

# The Rebels

# E L E G Y.

**R**ebels Goodnight: Would any Man ha' thought,  
That They who durst Rebel, durst not have fought?  
But Rebels loose their Courage, while their Swords  
Drop from their Hands, like Fool's unwary Words.  
Rebels! and having spoke that Hated Name,  
No wonder Rebels were so quickly tame.  
Fitter to Hang then Fight: Immortal Fellows,  
Towards i'th' Field, but Valiant at the Gallows.  
They scorn'd to dye in Honours Truckle-Bed;  
The Gallows, Curtain'd with the Multitude,  
And fairly Canopy'd with Azure Sky,  
Was that which rais'd their Thoughts and Heads so high.  
Us'd to soft Beds, for Gibbets they took care;  
For n'ere was *Down* so soft as is the *Air*.  
Thus *Meteors* dye, and thus *false Lights* expire;  
Pendant awhile, down drops *Fanatic Fire*;  
An End it seems in which they *All* delight.

But They were Men would still be opposite  
To all the World; 'cause all the World beside  
Applauded Monarchy; not so, They cry'd;  
We'll have a *Commonwealth*; and then because  
The Heath'nish Poets, giving high Applause  
To luckless Valour, still maintain'd, that They  
Who in the Field of Battel prostrate lay,  
A Banquet for the Hungry Fowl beside,  
Yet in the Noble Bed of Honour dy'd.  
Believe those Rogues! Believe the Devil sooner;  
They cry'd, the Gallows is the Bed of Honour.  
Well--Let 'em ha't; the Favours not worth speaking,  
To let 'em dye in Beds of their own making.

In *Holland* tho, *Bell-swaggers*, Sons of *Mars*,  
*Godfreys* of *Bologn*, All for Holy Wars:  
Three Kingdoms in a Minute must be won  
With *Casars* Motto, *Come and see*; Not One,  
But had a Killing Face, a *Gorgon's* Head,  
At once to look a Thousand Red-Coats Dead.  
Nay more; They call'd the Gyants heartless Elves,  
That suffer'd a Repulse from Gods themselves.  
And by the Cup that bold *Cethegus* fill'd,  
They swore, or All to Kill, or All be Kill'd.  
But after all--alack and well a day,  
For when They should have fought, they run away:  
And only some poor Bumpkins, They stood to't,  
That neither knew for Whom, nor Why they fought.  
What then remains, but as in Forest Game,  
The Law in Warlike Chase should be the same:  
And therefore fearing to debauch his Cry,  
The Huntsman ought to hang the *Curs* that *lye*.

But strange to tell! when to the Gallows led,  
Their Hearts revive at sight of *Honours* Bed.  
They that fear'd Death, when they might well avoid it,  
Because they cannot help it, now deride it.  
Noises of Battel both amaze and stun,  
When he thats Hang'd has time to *Kiss* his Son.  
*Katch* never meets these Men of Paradoxes  
With dismal Guns and frightful Battel-Axes.  
A silent Rope, that makes no Noise at all,  
Gives 'em both time to *Pray* and time to Bawl.  
For that's an Honour too, to make a *Speech*,  
For Printers Profit, then to wipe your Breech.  
And all your Actors still desire a full-Pit,  
Which They still have, who Preach in Deaths own Pulpit.

Like *Sampsons* Arms, they think those Engins proof,  
The massy Columns of Heav'n's Vaulted Roof  
To bow, and bring Celestial Vengeance down,  
To expiate the Crimes which they disown.  
As if the Words of Dying Men, and Noise  
Of Men adjudg'd to Dye, had equal poise.  
For Truth attends on *Dying Mens* last Breath;  
Which he can never speak that dyes in Wrath.  
For who asks Pardon, yet by scorn of Death,  
And passive Mummery of *Great* and *Brave*  
Upholds his Crime, is but a *Dying Knave*.  
And tho he seemingly forgive, could Eat  
The *just* *Inflicters*, were they ne're so Great.  
Forgive! 'tis Nonsense: No man can forgive  
But he must Injur'd first himself believe.  
So Truth to tell, th'are only words design'd,  
As dying Serpents leave their pois'nous Breath behind.

But there's another Honour yet to come,  
The Honour, what d'ye call't, of *Martyrdom*.  
For strait the *Party*; oh the *Party*, They  
His Funeral Rites in mournful Claret pay.  
Meet and Condole; and *Oh! how like a Hero!*  
And then another Drinks, and whispers---*Nero*.  
*The Judg was Cruel*; *Witnesses Forsworn*;  
*But He the Victor, He the Man of Scorn*  
*That Death Contemn'd*; *made Innocence appear*  
*And gave the Court a cursed Box o'th' Ear*  
And now, quo they, that this is truly hinted,  
*You'l see, they'l never let his Speech be Printed*.

Ill Read in Men and Human Morals too,  
To give to *Stubborn Passion*, *Vertues* due:  
For *Resolute*, *Constant*, change their Glorious Names  
In Brests of Traitors; as in Hell th' Extremes  
Of Heav'n's Perfections Angel turn'd to Devil,  
There's no such Thing as *Vertue* in a Rebel;  
The Crime of Heav'n, ere Man knew how to sin,  
That Chaos'd all his *Little World* agen.

Men thus mistaken are by Folly swayd,  
Or else by Vanity more vicious lead.  
For *Fortitude* does only in *Just* appear;  
*Tis Ostentation* else dissembles *Fear*.  
They utter falshood, when they cry, *They come*  
*To pay Dame Natures Debt*, by fatal doom:  
For why? we know they're hang'd; and so, 'tis true,  
They pay the Bond; but 'tis before 'tis due.  
And they that suffering, a fair Story tell  
Are nere a whit the farther off from Hell.  
*Bad Resolution* is but *bad Despair*;  
*False Constancy*, *Self-love*, surmounting *Fear*;  
While they that seem so well resolv'd to dye,  
Make but a *Vertue* of *Necessity*.  
A Bravery, Story yet did never name  
But with Dishonour and the Brand of Shame.  
Thus what can *Felton* or *Jocundus* glory?  
They live, 'tis true, but putrifyd in Story.  
For Fame, like *Coyn*, is either true or base,  
The one goes currant, th' other we deface,  
Dye Rebels then, like Rebels, while we sing,  
So perish All that Rise to hurt my Lord the KING.

*This may be Printed, R. L. S. Nov. 6. 1685.*